

Warm-up: Revise and Edit

Directions: Revise and edit the following selection using proofreader's marks. Be sure to give recommendations and correct errors.

It is a quiet, seemingly peaceful day, I was walking clumsily down the narrow street to get my grandfather a newspaper from the corner store. I got the newspaper and I noticed something odd about it. It read, *odd mist dozens dead*, there was also something else out of place, its date read *July 9th, 1863*. When I got home I saw my grandfather sleeping on the couch. I went over to him and told him I had the newspaper. I looked up, the walls were stained purple and my grandfather smelled weird. I soon realized that was the stench of...death.

Six days after my grandfathers funeral, I started having nightmares about his death. One time I dreamed that whatever had killed him would come back one day and kill somebody else.

The seventh day after my grandfather had died I went back to his house to get the newspaper. I walked back to my house and got in my bed and read the newspaper again. I looked down at the newspaper the date had changed. It read today's date and said *odd mist one found dead and one missing*.

I was walking down the street with my mom to go to the corner store. Every time I was walking I noticed purple footprints trailing behind me. I could not tell if it was my imagination or not.

When I got back home with my mom she said, "here, go bring these waters into the shack outside."

I whined, "Ok fine." So I walked over to the rusty, old shack, purple foot steps still behind me, and I opened the door. eeeeeek! The door closed behind me, I dropped the water case and tried to open the door, but it was locked. Slowly and steadily the eerie purple smoke began to build up around me becoming bigger and bigger, and then it started turning into a extremely dark massive cloud of air when all of a sudden it stopped. That day the smoke had made me go mad and I had killed myself with a knife in the shack.

1 hour later my mom found my dead body in the shack, and she ran away sobbing. Later when the mom came back to pick up my dead body she heard these words, "run while you can but one day I will find you." The next day my mom went missing, and was never seen again.